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the male visited the nest for a moment. During one of the brooding intervals a blackbird rested on the telephone wire near the nest, and the male immediately drove him away.

I did not visit the park again until May 3, five days later. Then I stayed only a short time and did little watching, as a picnic party claimed my attention. The leaves had grown so large around the nest that it was harder to watch than at first, and I could not be sure whether the female was still brooding, or not, but from later developments I believe that the young had probably hatched. Three days later, when I watched for an hour, there was no doubt of it. During the hour fifteen trips were made to the nest, the feeding being very equally divided. In fact, with two or three exceptions, the birds were both at the nest at once each of the fifteen times. Several times the female stayed from one and one-half to two minutes at the nest. The male also lingered, though not so long as the female.

Only a few times did I hear either bird utter a note. No song was heard during my watching, only a single call note given in a very low tone. Though many of the writers on California birds speak of the Bluebird's song, I am inclined to think he has none. W. Leon Dawson author of the "Birds of Washington" tells us that in the fifteen years he has studied the Western Bluebird in Washington he has never heard one sing. If so reliable and thorough a bird student as Mr. Dawson has heard no song in Washington, where they nest abundantly, I believe we are quite safe in saying that they have no song. It is an interesting point, well worth the bird lovers' while to observe, should he come across a pair of these birds nesting.

I was prevented from visiting the nest until May 14, when I found the young had flown. They were nowhere about, but a friend told me that she had seen several young bluebirds in another part of the park the day before. On this day I watched at the nest for over an hour, and was mystified at the actions of the birds. It was evident that they were not feeding, and several times both birds made trips of inspection to the nest. The young were not about, nor did the old birds seem to be caring for them, so I came to the conclusion that the birds, having raised their first family, were making preparations for another. On June 2 I visited them long enough to assure myself that they were, indeed, occupying the same nest for a second brood.

Although I have not again watched the nesting habits of these Western Bluebirds I know that they are still about in this park.

## FROM FIELD AND STUDY

**Notes on the Texas Nighthawk.**—The field party from the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology which spent the last season (1912) in the Sacramento Valley remained at Winslow, Glenn County, from June 15 to 20.

About 6 p. m. on the afternoon of June 17 I was tramping over the rocky country bordering Stony Creek, when a Texas Nighthawk (*Chordeiles acutipennis texensis*) was flushed. An examination of the place from which it flew showed the presence of two young, resting side by side on the rocky ground. The parent bird feigned a wound, fluttering about on all sides while I was in the vicinity. When I finally followed it, I was led farther and farther away from the site of the "nest."

On the morning of June 18 I desired to photograph the young birds but either they had moved, or the parent had moved them, and I was unable to locate them, although I went over the ground very carefully and may have looked right at them!

Evidently they were not far away, however, for every time I came into the vicinity the old bird was there to renew her deluding tactics.

I discovered them again on the morning of June 19. They were about fifteen yards from the place where I first found them, and the mother was brooding. The sun beat down fiercely during those days, and I cannot understand how the birds could withstand it on that rocky ground with the granite glare surrounding them and not a particle of sheltering shade.

I hurried to camp for the camera. Fifteen minutes later when I returned one of the young was eight feet from the other. I replaced it, took their pictures, and the photograph here reproduced is the result.

One evening about 8:30 p. m. I passed by the locality, and found that the young were more active then than during the hours of daylight. They would run a few inches at a time in a straight line over the ground, while during the daytime they remained perfectly quiet and gave no sign of seeing the intruder.

The coloration of the young blended so remarkably with their surroundings that it was well-nigh impossible to see them. It was more difficult to see the birds in bright sunlight



Fig. 85. TEXAS NIGHTHAWK NESTLINGS, ILLUSTRATING THE PROTECTIVE NATURE OF THEIR COLOR AND MARKINGS

than at other times. When I returned with the camera the day I took the photograph, I had the utmost difficulty in locating the nestlings, although I knew exactly where they were. In fact, I nearly stepped on one. I had been looking straight at it, but failed to make it out.

Only one parent was noted at any time. The female and young were collected (nos. 22702, 23157, 23158, Mus. Vert. Zool.).

Incidentally Mr. Grinnell informs me that this is to date the most northern record of the breeding of the Texas Nighthawk by over two degrees of latitude.—WALTER P. TAYLOR.

**Recent Santa Barbara Records.**—Man-o'-war-bird (*Fregata aquila*). On the 12th of August (1912) two of these birds were seen sailing about over the estero near Carpinteria. Upon sighting us they approached curiously, allowing completest inspection, then passed inland nearly a mile, rising to a height of several thousand feet, after which they drove straight west till lost from sight (passing thus directly over Santa Barbara). Another bird was seen by Mr. Torrey and myself close in shore at a point thirteen miles west of town, on the 27th of the same month. Mr. E. S. Spaulding also reports having seen single birds on two occasions near the Santa Barbara pier.

Snowy Heron (*Egretta candidissima*). A single bird in full plumage was sighted on

the sand-spit near Carpinteria, in company with some gulls. It flew at first in wild alarm, but would not forsake its less distracted comrades. Two days later, namely, on the 4th of May, it was seen standing at rest, this time quite alone, upon the mud-flats not half a mile back from the sand-spit.

Anthony Green Heron (*Butorides virescens anthonyi*). The occurrence of this bird is not remarkable for this section, save that its abundance this year is in marked contrast with its total absence last year. It has evidently bred this year at half a dozen near-by stations.

Least Bittern (*Ixobrychus exilis*). Counted a rare bird locally, but its occurrence near Goleta on the 3rd of May completed a list of seven Herodiones seen hereabouts within two days; namely, White-faced Glossy Ibis, Bittern, Least Bittern, Treganza Blue Heron, Snowy Egret, Anthony Green Heron, and Black-crowned Night Heron.

Baird Sandpiper (*Pisobia bairdi*). Of regular occurrence again during the August migrations, from the 8th to the 22nd inclusive. Birds of this species rarely appear by themselves, but mingle freely with the more abundant Westerns (*E. mauri*). However, on the 22nd, a solitary bird settled near me on the Carpinteria beach as though seeking the companionship of a larger wader. I meekly accepted the role of Curlew, and by judicious advances succeeded in establishing a compromise distance of fifteen feet. Back and forth we fared for half an hour, "one little sandpiper and I", the bird keeping steadily to the upper wash-line, or flitting if too hard pressed, while I jabbed the button feverishly as long as the plates lasted. The result is a handsome series of portraits, "if I do say it as shouldn't."

Yellowlegs (*Totanus flavipes*). On the 30th of August five of these birds were sighted in company with two "Greater" (*T. melanoleucus*), as they fed upon the Beale estero, within the eastern limits of Santa Barbara. Mr. Torrey and I had them under frequent observation for a period of two weeks and I was able to secure a few photographs, albeit indifferent ones by reason of the extravagant alarm invariably displayed by the larger species.

Surf-bird (*Aphriza virgata*). A flock of twenty-three birds afforded three hours of pleasant diversion on a rocky point beyond La Patera, May 3rd, 1912.—W. LEON DAWSON.

**The Probable Breeding of the Bohemian Waxwing in Montana.**—I have to record the occurrence and probable breeding of a pair of Bohemian Waxwings (*Bombycilla garula*) on the West Fork of the Sun River in northern Lewis and Clark County, Montana, in August, 1912. I first observed these birds on August 18, a very wet, rainy Sunday, when the shortness of our food supply had tempted me out of camp to try the fishing. I was crossing a small grassy flat along the bank of the mountain stream, which was bordered by scattered clumps of lodgepole pine, spruce and cottonwood, when I first heard waxwing notes that were louder and of a different quality from those of the common Cedarbird. I soon found a waxwing, seated in the dead top of a small lodgepole pine. The light was poor, and the damp weather made my glass almost useless, but I believed that I detected the wing-bar which distinguishes this species from the Cedarbird and was sure that the note was decidedly different. The bird was soon joined by its mate, and I spent the next two hours in watching the pair and searching through the wet bushes for a nest. The birds remained in the vicinity and acted as though they had a nest, probably containing young, but, though it seemed as if I searched every tree and bush within several hundred yards, I failed to find it.

Three days later, August 21, my work took me near this place again. I had no time to make further search for the nest, but took my collecting gun along. I found the birds frequenting the same spot, and after examining them in a much better light than formerly, and finding my former identification correct, I secured one in order that the record would be unquestioned. The bird secured, which I had hoped was the male, proved to be the female. Her throat was much distended and I found that it contained fourteen berries of a small mountain shrub (*Shepherdia canadensis*). Assuming that the feeding habits of this species are similar to those of the Cedar Waxwing, this fact strengthens my belief that the birds were feeding young in the vicinity. The point where these birds were found is in the Canadian life zone, at an approximate elevation of 5200 feet. This is, to my knowledge, the first authentic summer record of this species south of the Canadian border.—ARETAS A. SAUNDERS.

**The Calaveras Warbler in the Yellowstone National Park.**—On the morning of September 9, 1912, while examining the remains of birds overcome by noxious gases in the Stygian Cave near Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone National Park, I was surprised to find a Calaveras Warbler in a fair state of preservation. The specimen had evidently not been dead more than twenty-four or forty-eight hours. It was in good plumage and the

characteristic chestnut patch on the head had the feathers slightly tipped with gray. The bird was evidently a migrant. So far as I am aware, this is the first record of the occurrence of *Vermivora rubricapilla gutturalis* in the Yellowstone Park and the first in this part of the Rocky Mountain region. The nearest records hitherto published are those from Idaho and Wyoming. Dr. Merrill (*Auk*, 1898, p. 18) found this warbler breeding at Fort Sherman, Idaho; and Knight (Birds of Wyoming, 1902, p. 145), reports four specimens from southeastern Wyoming but refers them to the eastern form *V. rubricapilla rubricapilla*.—T. S. PALMER.

**White Pelican at Bellingham Bay, Washington.**—The appearance of White Pelicans (*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*) in this vicinity is perhaps sufficiently out of the ordinary to be worthy of record. On September 5, 1912, a flock of twenty or twenty-five of this species was seen near the mouth of the Nooksack River, at the head of Bellingham Bay. A resident of the neighborhood who went in pursuit shot three of the birds, and an Indian of the Lummi Reservation, across the river, shot two more. I visited the scene on the following day and inspected the dead birds. One appeared to be an adult, and the four others I judged to be immature. Some of these specimens have since been mounted. There is but one other record of this species in the Bellingham Bay region. That occurrence was about twenty-five years ago.—J. M. EDSON.

**"Popular" Ornithology.**—During a recent visit to Los Angeles I attended a moving picture show exhibiting at one of the leading play-houses. It purported to represent the Carnegie Museum Alaska-Siberian Expedition in action, and the pictures were explained by a gentleman in evening dress who was no less a person than "Professor ..... M. A., Ph. D." who had taken the pictures. The pictures were really wonderful, of moose, seals, walruses, polar bears, and Eskimos in life, not to mention bird colonies, which were our particular interest. No one would begrudge good fortune to the doughty captain, F. E. Kleinschmidt, who under the guise of leader of a scientific expedition, is cleaning up a 'cool' half million from this moving picture rights this season. Rarely has the public received more entertainment and profitable instruction for its money than from this show. The "spiel," too, was pretty fair—until it came to the birds. But when pictures of a colony of Red-faced Cormorants were shown upon the screen, and the "Professor" gravely introduced them as Spoon-billed Sandpipers, I gasped. The lecturer proceeded airily to tell a cock-and-bull story about the Spoon-billed Sandpiper, how the female laid only one egg which the male henceforth guarded in terror of his life; and he raised a laugh over the shocking example set by these militant suffragettes of the north (unoffending shags!). Next we were taken to view a magnificent colony of Pallas Murres, tens of thousands of them, and these were presented to us as "Red-faced Cormorants." We learned that the females of this species lay two eggs which they carry in the folds of the naked skin (having meanwhile plucked their breasts entirely bare), in order that they might not come in contact with the icy rock, etc., etc. And this Doctor of Philosophy (also Master of Arts, think of it!) did actually take the pictures—no doubt of that—although he seems not to have profited mightily from his "scientific" associations.

Preceded by a professional card, the writer ventured to take the histrionic professor mildly to task after the show. He capitulated at once. "I know I get all balled up on those birds, but what's the odds? *The public don't know the difference.*" And I guess he was right, for this was the fourth week of the engagement.—W. LEON DAWSON.

**The Wood Duck at Santa Barbara, California.**—On February 18, 1912, I was so fortunate as to come upon a pair of the beautiful Wood Ducks (*Aix sponsa*) in a rather heavily wooded section of Mission Creek, a small stream running along the outskirts of the town of Santa Barbara. I was lucky enough to see them swimming in the stream some distance below me and, by careful stalking, was able to crawl within twenty feet of them, thus enabling me to watch them for half an hour without awakening a suspicion on their part. A week later, on February 25, I once more found them close to the original location, seemingly very much at home, as the male swam and paraded himself to his, and my, heart's content, although his mate seemed too busy eating to pay him much attention.

I left Santa Barbara for the north on February 27, and consequently was unable to finish the study, but I feel that there was a very strong possibility of their remaining to nest. There was a large flow of water in the stream, and a number of most satisfactory hollow limbs in the immediate vicinity; thus it would have been impossible to find more suitable conditions.—J. H. BOWLES.